



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART, — TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1805.

MISCELLANY.

TEMPERANCE.

THE nearest approach thou canst make to happiness, on this side the grave, is, to enjoy from heaven, health, wisdom, and peace of mind.

These blessings, if thou possessest and would preserve to old age, avoid the allurements of voluptuousness, and fly from her temptations.

When she spreadeth her delicacies on the board, when her wine sparkleth in the cup, when she smileth upon thee, and persuadeth thee to be joyful and happy; then is the hour of danger, then let reason stand firmly on her guard.

For, if thou hearkenest unto the words of her adversary, thou art deceived and betrayed.

The joy which she promiseth, changeth to madness; and her enjoyments lead on to diseases and death.

Look round her board, cast thine eyes upon her guests, and observe those who have been allured by her smiles, who have listened to her temptations.

Are they not meagre? are they not sickly? are they not spiritless?

Their short hours of jollity and riot are followed by tedious days of pain and dejection; she hath debauched and palled their appetites, that they have now no relish for her nicest dainties: her votaries are become her victims; the just and natural consequence which God hath ordained, in the constitution of things, for the punishment of those who abuse his gifts.

But who is she, that with graceful steps, and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The rose blusheth on her cheeks; the sweetness of the morning breatheth from her lips; joy, tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkleth in her eyes; and from the cheerfulness of her heart, she singeth as she walks.

Her name is Health; she is the daughter of Exercise, who begot her upon Temperance; their sons inhabit the mountains that stretch over the northern regions of *San Hon Hoe*.

They are brave, active, and lively; and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their sister.

Vigor stringeth their nerves; strength dwelleth in their bones; and labor is their delight all the day long.

The employments of their father excite their appetites, and the repasts of their mother refresh them.

To combat the passions, is their delight; to conquer evil habits, their glory.

Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure: their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed.

Their blood is pure; their minds are serene; and the physician knoweth not the way to their habitations.

But safety dwelleth not with the sons of men, neither is security found within their gates.

Behold them exposed to new dangers from without, while a traitor within lurketh to betray them.

Their health, their strength, their beauty and activity, have raised desire in the bosom of lascivious LOVE.

She standeth in her bower, she courteth their regard, she spreadeth her temptations.

Her limbs are soft, her air is delicate, her attire is loose; wantonness speaketh in her eyes, and on her bosom sits temptation; she beckoneth them with her finger; she wooeth them with her looks; and by the smoothness of her tongue she endeavoreth to deceive.

Ah! fly from her allurements; stop thine ears to her enchanting words. If thou meetest the languishing of her eyes, if thou hearest the softness of her voice, if she casteth her arms about thee, she bindeth thee in chains for ever.

Shame followeth, and disease, and want, and care, and repentance.

Enfeebled by Dalliance, with Luxury pampered, and softened by Sloth; strength shall forsake thy limbs, and health thy constitution; thy days shall be few, and those inglorious: thy griefs shall be many, yet meet with no compassion.

CONTENTMENT.

FORGET not, O man! that thy station on earth is appointed by the Eternal; who knoweth thy heart, who seeth the vanity of thy wishes, and who often, in mercy, denieth thy requests.

Yet for all reasonable desires, for all honest endeavors, his benevolence hath established, in the nature of things, a probability of success.

The uneasiness thou feelest, the misfortunes thou bewailest: behold the root from whence they spring, even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own distempered fancy.

Murmer not, therefore, at the dispensations of God; but correct thine own heart: neither say within thyself, If I had wealth, power, or leisure, I should be happy: for know, they all bring, to their several possessors, their peculiar inconveniences.

The poor man seeth not the vexations and anxieties of the rich; he feeleth not the difficulties and perplexities of power; neither knoweth he the wearisomeness of leisure; and therefore it is that he repineth at his own lot.

But envy not the appearance of happiness in any man: for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

To be satisfied with a little, is the greatest wisdom; and he who increaseth his riches, increaseth his cares; but a contented mind is a hidden treasure, and a guard from trouble.

Yet, if thou sufferest not the blandishments of thy fortunes to rob thee of justice, or temperance, or chastity, or modesty, even riches themselves shall not make thee unhappy.

But hence shalt thou learn, that the cup of felicity, pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal man.

Virtue is the race which God hath set him to run, and happiness the goal; which none can arrive at, until he hath finished his course, and received his crown in the mansions of eternity.

HEAVEN.

THE rose is sweet, but it is surrounded with thorns: the lily of the valley is fragrant, but it springs up amongst the brambles. The spring is pleasant, but it is soon past: the summer is bright, but the winter destroys its beauty. The rainbow is very glorious, but it soon vanishes away: life is good, but it is soon swallowed up in death.

There is a land where the roses are without thorns, where the flowers are not mixed with brambles. In that land, there is eternal spring, and light without any cloud. The tree of life grows in the midst thereof; rivers of pleasure are there, and flowers that never fade. Myriads of happy spirits are there, and surround the throne of GOD with a perpetual hymn. The angels with their golden harps sing praises continually, and the cherubims fly on wings of fire!—This country is Heaven: it is the country of those that are good: and nothing that is wicked must inhabit there. The toad must not spit its venom amongst turtle-doves; nor the poisonous henbane grow amongst sweet flowers. Neither must any one that does ill enter into that good land.

This earth is pleasant, for it is God's earth, and it is filled with many delightful things. But that country is far better: there we shall not grieve any more; there the cold of winter shall not wither us, nor the heats of summer scorch us. In that country there are no wars nor quarrels, but all love one another with dear love.

When our parents and friends die, and are laid in the cold ground, we see them here no more; but there we shall embrace them again, and live with them, and be separated no more. There we shall meet all good men, whom we read of in holy books. There we shall see Abraham, the called of God, the father of the faithful; and Moses after his long wanderings in the Arabian desert; and Elijah, the prophet of God; and Daniel, who escaped the lion's den; and there the son of Jesse, the shepherd king, the sweet singer of Israel. They loved God on earth; they praised him on earth; but in that country they will praise him better, and love him more.

There we shall see Jesus, who is gone before us to that happy place; and there we shall behold the glory of the high God. We cannot see him here, but we will see him there. We must be now on earth, but we will often think on heaven. The happy land is our home: we are to be here but for a little while, and there for ever, even for eternal ages.

ARDENT SPIRITS.

Look not thou on the liquor when it sparkles, "when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright: at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

SOLOMON.

THERE is no prevailing evil that in such a degree debauches the morals, poisons the happiness and threatens to destroy the liberties of the people of this country, as the excessive and increasing use of ardent spirits. The extreme danger to the public, as well as the ruin to individuals and to their families resulting from this pestilent source, we intend to make the subject of frequent animadversion. In vain have the sages of this country formed republican institutions, in vain has the blood of its patriots and heroes been shed, and in vain may we boast (indeed not long can we boast) of civil freedom, if the fatal practice of using ardent spirits as a common and daily beverage should continue and increase. The duties on spirits and on wines imported to this country, amount to more than six millions of dollars a year—a sum more than sufficient to give a constant support to good schools for all the children of the country, between the ages of seven and fourteen. You will observe that merely the DUTIES on liquors imported to the United States amount yearly to the aforesaid sum, exceeding six millions of dollars; and how enormous then must be the whole retail cost of these liquors?—A large proportion of them, it is granted, is exported from hence to other countries; but meanwhile vast quantities of various kinds of ardent spirits are distilled at home; and this kind of manufacture rapidly increases every year.—There were according to the returns for the year 1800, more than twenty thousand *Stills* in this country, and their number since has probably increased to ten thousand more. Our land, exceeding in one respect, the goodly land of old that flowed with milk and honey, flows with all the necessaries of life, but most abundantly with rum, gin, brandy and whiskey; and those streams are eagerly absorbed by its infatuated and ever thirsty inhabitants, who "spend their money for that which is not bread, and their labor for that which satisfieth not." The sums which in this country are yearly lavished in the purchase and unnecessary use of ardent spirits, are of astonishing magnitude: they probably exceed the taxes for the support of all our

governments, added to a sum sufficient to support a decent school in every considerable village throughout the union.

The immense waste of property is, however, the least part of the evil: and excessive use of ardent spirits becoming general, is an inlet to almost every evil that can infect and debase society.—It weakens and poisons the body, and impairs the intellect, curdles the temper and corrupts the whole mind, it makes churlish as well as silly husbands, unnatural fathers, rebellious sons, idle and seditious citizens: it degrades man, in some respects below the beasts that perish, but which never perish, in the ignominious manner that many human creatures do—by intoxication. [Conn. Cour.]

AMUSING.

THE public, some writer says, is a being with many heads, and consequently, possesses as many different minds, as those can amply testify who are the *servants of its will*, among whom, printers perhaps, are the chief *butlers and bakers*. "Give us more foreign intelligence" says the news-monger, "and let domestic politics alone." "Battle the feds; dash away at the demos," cries the politician;—"a fig for your foreign intelligence, unless you can send emperor Bonaparte into England up to his knees in blood. We do not want to hear about ships spoken at sea—a courier passing through Hampergoscampdum—Marshal Helterskelter, holding audience with his serene highness the landgrave of Lubberdegullion, or the marriage of count Waddletwattle with her ladyship the Duchess of Winkumsquintam; let your paper detail such important advices." "Hit the federal or democratic editors," exclaims the third; "nothing I like so well as squabbles among editors; there is some fun in that." "Let us have another novel," says Mrs. Frizzle; "I like novels monstrously, especially if there is something *scareful* in them; I wouldn't give a cent for the papers if they hadn't a novel in." "Novels!" says old Grouse; "Nonsense! give us something about farming; tell us how to destroy the Hessian fly, or something about fining cyder, or wheat upon clover." "I like novels too," says Miss Simper; "but besides them I want a good deal more poetry, and a number of queer stories about Ann Necdetes; I love to read them, *terribly*." "All wishy-washy," says Jack Galloper, "give us the sports of the

arf; tell us about the race between Adam Scratchthum [Thornton] and Mr. Strikefire [Flint] and her challenging him after she got beat; that's the handy."

Thus might we go on almost *ad infinitum*, and describe the modes which Mr. Public points out for us to be guided by, in conducting our paper; and in answer to all this, we can only say, that although we consider our own method best, yet, as soon as they can all agree upon one plan, we will cheerfully adopt it, and until then, we trust we may be permitted to jog on in the old way of giving a little of *every thing* which we consider the *most important*; for

"If all the land was paper,
"And all the sea was ink,"

It would still be impossible for us to comply with all the demands of the public, until in those demands the public could become more united. [Pol. Bar.]

[The following humorous petition to the legislature of Maryland, now sitting in Annapolis, was presented on the 20th ultimo.]

To the honorable, the General Assembly of Maryland, now anchored in the city of Annapolis.

THE humble petition of poor Jack Clarke, of the city of Baltimore, sheweth to your honors, that your unfortunate petitioner while ploughing the dominions of old Neptune, having carried rather taught sail in squally weather, the gales of misfortune blowing hard, he over-ran his reckoning, the watch on deck keeping a bad look out, he was stranded on the shoals of poverty, soon after, overhauled and made prisoner by the commander of the press-gang called the sheriff of Baltimore, and now lies locked under hatches in limbo, to the great grief of his darling Poll and sweet little crew, who since his imprisonment have been on short allowance. Therefore, your petitioner prays your honors will order the hatches to be unbarred by an act of insolvency, that his fasts may be cut, he again put to sea on a cruize, in hopes that fortune may prove kind, in the distribution of her prize money, and poor Jack once more enabled to cheer the heart of his darling Poll and her sweet little babes—

And your petitioner will ever pray,
&c.

DAVID'S SOW.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE.

A Few years ago, one David Lloyd, a Welshman, who kept an inn in Hereford. (Eng.) had a living sow with six legs; and the circumstance being publicly known, great numbers of all descriptions resorted to the house. It happened that David had a wife, who was much addicted to drunkenness, and for which he used very frequently to bestow on her a very severe drubbing. One day in particular, having taken a second extra cup, which operated in a very powerful manner, and dreading the usual consequences, she went into the yard, opened the styedoor, let out the sow, and lay down in its place, hoping that a short unmolested nap would sufficiently dispel the fumes of the liquor. In the mean time, however, a company arrived to see the so much talked of animal; and Davy, proud of his office, ushered them to the sty, exclaiming, "Did any of you ever see so uncommon a creature before?"—"Indeed, Davy," said one of the farmers, "I never before observed a sow so very drunk in all my life!"—Hence the term *Drunk as David's sow*.

PUGILISM.

THE English are even at present, fond of boxing-matches, so much liked by the ancient Romans. A Baronet, a great amateur of this art, has written a work in order to demonstrate its utility. He even taught it gratis to those who had an inclination to receive his lessons. A nobleman in the neighborhood, happening to go and pay him a visit, and conversing with him about wrestling; the knight laid hold of him behind, and threw him over his head. The former, a little bruised by his fall, arose in a passion. "My Lord," said the Baronet, gravely, "I must have a great friendship for you; you are the only one to whom I have ever shewn that trick."

ANECDOTE.

IN the great Dutch war in the reign of Charles II. the English fleet and that of Holland fought in the channel for three days successively, engaging in the day, and lying to at night. But just as they were preparing to renew the action, advice came off that an armistice was concluded upon, and the hostile parties began to exercise mutual civilities. On board of a Dutch man of war, which lay along side of an English first-rate, was a sailor so remarkably active as to run to the mast head, and stand upright upon the truck, after which he would cut several capers, and conclude with standing upon his head, to the great astonishment and terror of the spectators. On coming down from this exploit, all his countrymen expressed their joy by huzzaing, and thereby signifying their triumph over the English. An English tar, piqued for the honor of his

country, ran up to the top like a cat, and essayed with all his might to throw up his heels like the Dutchman, but not having the skill, he missed his poise, and came down rather faster than he went up. The rigging, however, broke his fall, and he lighted on his feet unhurt. As soon as he had recovered his speech, he ran to the side, and exultingly cried out to the Dutchman, "There, myneherr, do that if you can!"

There is now living in Virginia an ideot who was never known to make any sensible observations, except that he could always tell when the moon changed. A lawyer wishing to make a laugh for himself and his companions, asked, "when will the sun change?" "When lawyers go to heaven," replied the fool.

Cicero, seing Tullia, his daughter, walking with too much precipitation, and her husband too slow for a man, reprehended them both, by saying to Tullia, in the presence of Pison, "Look at your husband, it is thus a woman should walk."

A plain countryman bringing his daughter to town, said, tho' she was brought up altogether in the country, she was a girl of sense. Yes, says a pretty young female in company, *country sense*. Why faith, madam, says the man, *country sense* is better sometimes *than city impudence*.

A RARE SITUATION.

A person advertising for a country house thus concludes; "If no *hounds* within ten miles, and if no *attorney* within twenty, the more agreeable."

Lancaster, February 6, 1805.

"Ah! what avails it now that fortune smil'd—
That friends caress'd, and relatives ador'd?
They could not shield thee from invidious death;
Nor skill nor tenderness could health afford."

DIED, yesterday morning, in the 33d year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Slaymaker, wife of Mr. Henry Slaymaker, of this borough.

—, on Tuesday the 29th ult. in the 14th year of her age, Miss Charlotte Gloninger, daughter of Mr. Philip Gloninger, of this borough.

ERRATA.

IN page 131, 2d column, line 11, for "*attiquette*," read "*etiquette*."—3d column, line 26, for "*person*," read "*prisoner*."

BOAST not of your health and strength too much, but whilst you enjoy them, praise God, and use them well, lest he deprive you of them.
Extract.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

THE PORTRAIT OF CALUMNY.

AS the fair lily languishes and dies,
 Its beauties wither and neglected lies;
 Or as the rose, just opening to the day,
 With rich perfumes its virtues doth display;
 But when by northern blasts its leaves are shorn,
 Instead of madam Rose, behold her thorn!
 Or as the Poppy charms the transient view,
 Spreading its beauties to catch the morning dew,
 With fair outside; its beauties all reveal'd,
 While within lurks the poisonous drug conceal'd.
 So is the furrow'd hag, whose selfish charms,
 With prudish rancour scorn'd each lover's arms,
 Drag'd thro' a load of years with shameless tongue,
 Deep dip'd in gall! pleas'd with her sexes wrong;
 Fond to recount each recent tale of woe,
 The colours varnish with a brighter glow;
 Increase the wrongs an injur'd sister bore,
 To facts add falsehoods, never hear'd before;
 Or when for want of matter scandal dies,
 Her fertile genius, matter oft supplies
 From her own poison'd store; the pow'r of love
 Her cold disdainful breast did never prove;
 Unfelt herself the gentle pleasing joy,
 To rail at others is her pleas'd employ;
 'Tis hers, with rage and malice on her tongue,
 To frame the tale, and tell the tale among
 Her chit chat friends, and mimic sorrow shew,
 "Alas I pity, but I fear 'tis true."
 And as she'd seem most willing to suppress,
 The tale she fram'd, with artful feign'd address
 "Laments the truth," with hypocritic clue,
 And "hopes it false, but fears it is too true,
 "'Tis yet a secret—prithce don't disclose,
 "The shameful truth, 'twill swell her heavy woes
 "Already running o'er; in pity spare,
 "An injured giddy girl—a hapless ruin'd fair;—
 "Too soon, alas! her infamy and shame,
 "The swell of nature will enough proclaim!
 "Detested man! our easy sex's bane,
 "Ill fated *Delia*! doom'd to endless shame,
 "'Tis in full confidence the tale I've told
 "To but a few, who never will unfold
 "The shameful secret, and her fame to save
 "Are hush'd as death, and silent as the grave.
 "There's Betty Babble has the tale from me,
 "And she has only told the same to three
 "Of her best confidants and friends, on pain
 "Of her displeasure, should they tell again:
 "Beside Miss Betty, I can count but four
 "I've told the tale to, they'll ne'er tell it more
 "And on their promise I can rest secure;
 "But should they tell, 'twill only be to those
 "Who never will the shameful fact disclose;
 "But after all, should the foul trump of fame
 "With all my caution the base deed proclaim;
 "The fault's not mine, but plainly serves to shew
 "That such base crimes can't long unpunish'd go,
 "May heaven forgive her as I freely do."
 Detested fiend! with cunning deep as hell,
 And malice wide as space, what pen can tell
 Where thy ill tongue will stop, its venom rest
 And only rankle in thy cruel breast?

When base detraction hangs her haggard jaws,
 And foul distortion yields to wholesome laws;
 Thy baseness known, will spread in wide display
 And the black list appear in open day,
 Then will stern virtue view with keen disdain
 Th' impotent vengeance of thyself and train,
 And all thy group of hags take their sad flight
 To dark Oblivion and Eternal night.

Lancaster, Feb. 1, 1805.

E.

THE SMILE.

"Smiles are the privilege of human love."

NOW chanticleer, clarion of morn,
 Announced the twilight at hand;
 Arouz'd by the hound and the horn,
 Young Ancaster hied to the band.

When rapture wing'd over the dale,
 Resounded with echo the rocks;
 The pack mouth'd it loud o'er the trail,
 In pursuit of the fugitive fox.

Now, finish'd the chase, and the eve,
 Immaculate daughter of day,
 So tranquil and calm, that a leaf
 Scarce mov'd on the aspeny spray.

The lark from her sky-brightn'd tow'r
 Descended in verdure to rest;
 Apollo, completing his tour,
 Repos'd on Amphitrite's breast.

Brown ceres to sheep-bells gave ear,
 Or listen'd to Colinet's flute;
 An oak, which for many a year
 In peace had extended its root.

A canopy, solemn, of shade
 O'er Florida, maid of the vale,
 Its ample protection display'd,
 While her sonnet enchanted the gale.

What wonder that sudden surprize
 Arrested the sportman's career?
 The minstrel of magic he eyes:—
 Is Florida silent with fear?

"Sweet maid, who prefers to the court
 The charms of sequester'd repose,"
 He said, "the young breezes, in sport,
 For thee their ambrosia disclose.

"No emigrant am I in love,
 Oh! dart not disdain from your eyes;
 More bright than stellations above,
 Their fervor of kindness I prize.

"Sweet maid, my possessions are thine,
 No treachery lurks in my speech;
 Be all thy lov'd paradise mine,
 To bless thee each moment I'll teach."

Did Florida fly from the swain,
 In haste bid her suitor adieu!
 We shepherds, who live on the plain,
 Pronounce her both faithful and true.

For Corydon, down from the steep,
 That bends o'er the current below,
 Releas'd from the charge of his sheep,
 Repair'd her endearments to know.

Could modest fidelity cheer?
 Then, Corydon, great was thy bliss;
 Of Ancaster's suit couldst thou hear,
 Without an additional kiss?

Her heart, as she spoke it, soft glow'd,
 Its tenderness cherish'd no guile;
 On flattery if frowns she bestow'd,
 The truth she rever'd with a smile.

K. M. S.

A SONNET.

TELL me where's the vi'let fled,
 Late so gaily blowing;
 Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,
 Choicest sweets bestowing?

Swains the vernal scene is o'er,
 And the vi'let blooms no more.

Say where hides the blushing rose,
 Pride of fragrant morning;
 Garland meet for beauty's brows,
 Hill and dale adorning?

Gentle maid the summer's fled,
 And the hopeless Rose is dead!

Bear me then to yonder rill,
 Late so freely flowing;
 Wat'ring many a daffodil,
 On its margin blowing—

Sun and wind exhaust its store,
 Yonder riv'let glides no more!

Lead me to the bow'ry shade,
 Late with roses flaunting;
 Lov'd resort of youth and maid,
 Am'rous ditty chanting—

Hail and storm with fury show'rs,
 Leafless mourn the rifled bow'rs!

Say where hides the village maid,
 Late yon cot adorning;
 Oft I've met her in the glade,
 Fair and fresh as morning?

Swain how short is beauty's bloom,
 Seek her in the grassy tomb!

Whither roves the tuneful swain,
 Who of rural pleasures,
 Rose and vi'let rill and plain,
 Sung in dearest measures?

Maiden, swift life's vision flies,
 Death has clos'd the Poet's eyes!

[The ensuing epigram is one of the archest
 we have ever perused, at the expense of
 the cheating relatives of painted Jezebel.]

ASPASIA's cheeks, in vermeil drest,
 With tender love my heart inspir'd,
 My lips her beauteous roses press'd,
 And took off all that I admir'd.

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vants Indentures, &c. &c.

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